

THE ALPINE CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVI.

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NO. 802.

Alpine Chronicle.

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County Official Press.

JANUARY 1878	JULY 1878
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
FEBRUARY 1878	AUGUST 1878
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MARCH 1878	SEPTEMBER 1878
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
APRIL 1878	OCTOBER 1878
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
MAY 1878	NOVEMBER 1878
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.
JUNE 1878	DECEMBER 1878
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.	1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

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THIS new and wonderful instrument enables any one, whether understanding music or not, to play any desired melody or harmony, sacred or secular, from the most plaintive dirge to the most lively dance music. It possesses a mechanism of marvelous simplicity, requiring but the intelligence of a child to manipulate, yet capable of reproducing, without limitation, the musical compositions of the past, present and future. The execution is faultless, and the instrument is eminently adapted for Sunday Schools, prayer and revival meetings, home devotional exercises, and in all cases where good, correct music is required, and the musician is at hand to perform. Address,
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ADVERTISE
THE CHRONICLE

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By VIRTUE AND IN PURSUANCE OF AN Execution to me directed and delivered, issued out of and under the seal of the District Court of the 18th Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the County of Alpine, on a judgment rendered therein on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1877, in favor of N. D. Arnot, Plaintiff, and against the Eschberger Gold and Silver Mining Company (limited) and Lewis Chalmers, Defendants, for the sum of \$1,500.00 gold coin, damages, with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent, per annum till paid, together with 63 cents and disbursements at the date of said judgment, and accruing costs amounting to the sum of \$2.50, and all costs that may accrue, I have levied upon and seized and will expose to sale at public auction in front of the Court House door in the town of Markleville, Alpine county, California, on

TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1877,
at the hour of 12 o'clock M. of that day, for gold coin, all the right, title and interest of the Eschberger Gold and Silver Mining Company (limited) and Lewis Chalmers, defendants, of, in and to the following described property, to wit: The Buckeye No. 2 Claim consisting of ten claims of two hundred and fifty feet each, in all twenty-five hundred or feet of ledge or rock so named, as the same is more fully described in the Silver Mountain Mining Record Book A, Page 77, together with the improvements, blacksmith shop, and all black, plank, timber, mining rights, machinery, and privileges thereunto belonging, situated in N. E. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 16, and S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 16, and S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 9, North Range 20 E. Mount Diablo Base and Meridian. The Accrue consisting of one thousand feet on the ledge or rock so named, as the same is recorded in said Record Book A, pages 106 and 107, together with the black, plank, timber, mining rights and privileges, and situated in N. E. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 9, North Range 20 E. Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Also, the Eschberger or Fremont Lode or Ledge, and all tunnels, cuts, dumps, buildings, machinery, and all improvements thereon, and all mining claims and privileges thereunto belonging, and situated in N. E. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 9, North Range 20 E. Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Also, the I. X. I. Quartz Mill, boarding house, pump house, blacksmith shop, and all the machinery contained in said mill and pump house, and all improvements therein, being situated near the road leading from the Eschberger Mill to town of Silver Mountain in N. E. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of Section 22, Township 9, North Range 20 E. Mount Diablo Base and Meridian. Also the Eschberger Quartz Mill, saw-mill, flour-mill, boarding house, boarding houses at mill, blacksmith shop, assay office, dwelling house, two barns, and all the machinery and improvements contained therein, on S. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 14, and S. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 14, Township 9, North Range 20 E. Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Said property is subject to an attachment in my hands in favor of A. S. Halliday for the sum of \$2,500.00, besides interest and costs.

It is also subject to an Execution in my hands in favor of C. B. Gregory for the sum of \$2,500.00, besides interest and costs.

Dated Markleville, July 5, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Aug. 14, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
SEPTEMBER 17, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Sept. 17, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
SEPTEMBER 27, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Sept. 27, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
OCTOBER 4, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Oct. 4, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
OCTOBER 11, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Oct. 11, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
OCTOBER 18, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Oct. 18, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
OCTOBER 25, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Oct. 25, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
NOVEMBER 1, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Nov. 1, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
NOVEMBER 8, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Nov. 8, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
NOVEMBER 15, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Nov. 15, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
NOVEMBER 22, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Nov. 22, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
NOVEMBER 29, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Nov. 29, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
DECEMBER 6, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Dec. 6, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
DECEMBER 13, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Dec. 13, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
DECEMBER 20, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Dec. 20, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
DECEMBER 27, 1877,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Dec. 27, 1877.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
JANUARY 3, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Jan. 3, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
JANUARY 10, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Jan. 10, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
JANUARY 17, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Jan. 17, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
JANUARY 24, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Jan. 24, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
JANUARY 31, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Jan. 31, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

The above sale is hereby postponed till
FEBRUARY 7, 1878,
at same hour and place. Dated Markleville, Feb. 7, 1878.
J. B. SCOTT, Sheriff.

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a

great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others with our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite mind can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time when any moment may launch us into eternity.

She was an angelic blond, and tripped through the market until she reached a stall where a handsome butcher stood. "Have you heart?" she said, blushing timidly. "Have I a heart, miss?" responded the butcher. "Do you think I can watch you day after day, and see your eyes drooping as they meet mine; that I feel your velvet breath upon my cheek, as I stoop over to serve you, and not have a heart? Ah! maiden, I am all heart, and you ask me have I one?" "Yes," she sighed faintly; "this is beautiful, this is divine; but it gives me the kind I want this morning, so give me a hallock's heart, quick, and trim it for stuffing, or my old man'll be raising Cain if his dinner ain't cooked."

Among the uses of adversity are these: You can wear out your clothes. You are not troubled with visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Boredom does not bore you. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears. Importers know it is no use to bleed you. You practice temperance. You have saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure to know it.

A society has just been started in London, having a twofold object, assisting women to enter the legal profession and teaching the principles of law at schools. At present there is nothing to hinder a woman from practicing as a conveyancer, except, indeed, the rather heavy fees which have to be paid on being articulated to a solicitor. This new society proposes to defray in part these fees where there is any lack of means on the part of the intending pupil.

We read of a poor boy in New Bedford who was washed overboard recently and killed. We cannot warn mother too strongly against washing children overboard; if they would wash them at home with tepid water and soap, and dry them thoroughly afterwards, all danger would be averted.—*Danbury News.*

The following is a neat way in which a Parisian makes a delicate personal announcement: "The Princess de M— is about to retire from society for a little while, and is buying edgings, laces, manillas etc., which she is making up into little garments, too large for a doll, and too small for herself."

This is the season of the year when people are more or less liable to get poisoned by the scrubby oak. The following prescription is said to be a cure: One drachm carbolic acid, 1/2 oz. acetic acid, 1/2 ounce alcohol, mixed with 8 ounces of distilled water. Apply with a sponge on the parts affected.

At dinner the host introduced to the favorable notice of the company a splendid trifled pheasant, amid murmurs of admiration. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Dr. So and so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" says one of the guests.

The latest triumph of Parisian novelty is an "Exhibition bouquet," a tiny artificial rose to be worn in the button-hole, with a crystal dewdrop on one of the petals, and on looking into the dewdrop a miniature view of the exhibition is discovered.

The Crown Princess of Denmark (Princess Feodora, of Sweden), stands six feet two inches, is very fond of dancing, but doesn't want to dance with any one smaller than she is, so the floor managers are put to it to keep her in acceptable partners, sons of the Anshin.

H. W. Connors, a Troy, New York, grocer, recently found the diamond pin he lost ten years ago while going along the street; he also lost and found it 28 years ago, while sweeping out the Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, store, where he was clerk.

The Camphor Tree.

One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of King-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This spontaneous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet, and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace. Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours.

To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with leaves of a plant called po ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint). They now invert a second basin over the first, and make it air tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessel the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient, the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable, and not likely to be injured by insects.

PARADISE AMONG THE PAGANS.—Japan seems to be a country where men never lose their temper; where women and children are always treated with gentleness; where common laborers bow and beg pardon of each other if they happen to jostle accidentally; where popular sports do not inflict suffering on the lower animals; where a paper screen is sufficient protection against all intrusion, even that of burglars, and where cleanliness takes such a high rank among social virtues as to be carried to almost ludicrous excess. Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own; but the Japanese are thoroughly well bred people. "Manners are not idle," civility, gentleness and consideration for others, are not mere superficial qualities; they are not national characteristics are found combined with courage, energy and intellect; they may surely be accepted as evidence of an advanced civilization. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into "civilized society," have often stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become, to a courtesy singularly free from servile or mercenary considerations.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Most people breathe properly often more by accident or instinct than by design; but, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands do not breathe properly, while many thousands at the present time are suffering from more or less severe affections of the throat and lungs, owing to a faulty mode of respiration. In other words, because they breathe through the month instead of through the nostrils. The month has its own functions to perform in connection with eating, drinking, speaking, and the nostrils have theirs, namely, smelling and breathing. In summertime the error of respiring through the month is not so evident as at the colder season, when it is undoubtedly fraught with danger to the person who commits this mistake.

The manager of the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris has directed the attention of African explorers to the zebra as a beast of burden, better suited to the climate than any of our domesticated animals, not even excepting the ass. Several zebras, now under his charge have been successfully broken in, and M. de Semelle, who is about to cross Africa from the mouth of the Niger to the east coast, may possibly make use of this novel beast of burden.

Oh the fullness of a mother's love!—Time, nor change, distance, disease, wrong, unkindness, cannot exhaust it. It lives, a fountain of undying waters, where the outcast, the wandering may return and the same hand that wiped away the tears of childhood will be put forth to cool the fevered brow and the parched lips of the world's rejected victim.

A Surviving Heroine of 1812.

There is an interesting story connected with Cedar Point, Scituate harbor, Mass. The heroine is Rebecca Bates, now a bright, genial old lady of 84, whose memory continues remarkably clear.—The story, taken from her own lips, can be depended upon as thoroughly reliable. Her father was Captain Simon Bates; he was light keeper at the time, and was the first who lit the light, in April, 1811. In the Spring of the following year, English cruisers were numerous in Massachusetts Bay, and on one occasion the launches of an English frigate were sent into Scituate harbor.—They set fire to vessels at the wharves and towed out two, at the same time threatening to destroy the town if any resistance was offered. After this event a home guard was formed, and detachments were stationed on Cedar and Crow Points, and in front of the village, with a brass piece. When there was no sail in sight the guards were allowed to go off to their farms.

Nothing to occasion alarm occurred until the following September. Rebecca, at that time 18 years of age, and her sister Abigail, 14 years old, and still living, were sitting toward evening sewing with their mother, Captain Bates, and the rest of his large family, and the guards were all away. Mrs. Bates told Rebecca it was time to put on the kettle as Rebecca went into the kitchen, she for the first time perceived an English ship at water close at hand and lowering the boats. "I knew the ship at a glance," she said. "It was the La Hague,— 'Oh, Lord!' says I to my sister, 'the old La Hague is on here again! What shall we do? Here are their barges coming again, and they'll burn up our vessels just as they did afore.' You see, there were two vessels at the wharf, loaded with flour, and we couldn't allow to lose that in those times, when the embargo made it so hard to live we had to bile pumpkins all day to get sweetening for sugar. There were the muskets of the guards. I was good mind to take those out beyond the light-house and fire them at the barges; I might have killed one or two, but it would have done no good, for they would have turned round and fired the village. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said I to my sister; 'look here,' says I, 'you take the drum, I'll take the fife.' I was fond of military music, and could play four tunes on the fife. Yankee Doodle was my masterpiece. I learned it on the fife which the soldiers had at the light house. They had a drum there too; so I said to her, 'You take the drum, and I'll take the fife.' 'What good'll that do?' says she. 'Scare them says I. 'All you've got to do is to call the roll, I'll scream the fife, and we must keep out of sight; if they see us, they'll laugh at us to scorn.' I showed her how to handle the sticks, and we ran down behind the cedar wood. So we put in, as the boys say, and pretty soon I looked and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening.—When I looked again I saw a flag flying from the masthead of the ship. My sister began to make a speech, and I said 'Don't make a noise; you make me laugh and I can't pucker my mouth.' When I looked again I saw they had seen the flag, and they turned about so quick a man fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck, and hauled him in. When they went off I played Yankee Doodle." Is not this heroine who saved two ships laden with flour, and perhaps other valuables, from destruction, entitled to a pension? She has five brothers and sisters still living, the eldest 85 and the youngest 71. Her grandfather was 100 years and one month old at the time of his death.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Goarri Indians, who inhabit the sea coast north of Aspinwall, are a fierce and fighting race, numbering about 80,000. In their domestic life the father has no control over the children. The mother's brother, or the next nearest relative on the mother's side, usurps the authority of the father, the reason being that everybody knows that the uncle and mother are brother and sister, while there may be doubts as to the identity of the father. In inheriting rank and property, and in the distribution of valuables, the testimony of the mother as to the rights of the children outweighs that of the father.

She was coming down Union avenue, carrying a baby carefully snuggled away in her arms, when Snooks was met. Being an acquaintance he felt impelled to make some mention of the prodigy, and asked, "Is this your last?" referring more to the age of the infant than to future events. He was shocked by the reply: "You can rest assured it is the last."

Mrs. Hayes wonders why snafus flirts always takes along a gallon jar to hold bath when a little tin box would be so much more convenient.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

Krupp, in a pacific mood, is willing to let by guns be by guns.

Facts for Those Who Burn Kerosene.

Kerosene oil is one of the products derived from refining crude petroleum as it comes from the well. The oil is always more or less dangerous, according to the amount of volatile gases left in it. Every lamp filled with the fluid is liable to explode after burning several hours. But no explosion will ever happen with the lamp full. The danger comes from the constant generation of an invisible vapor in the confined space above the oil. This vapor, which is inflammable, is caused by the heat of the burner communicated to the oil; but it will not explode unless exposed to flame. The metal attachments on lamps often become 400° warmer than the oil, which is itself sometimes as high as 100°. Hence, kerosene, to be entirely safe, should be near 150° proof.

But very little of the oil need be as good as this. Of sixty-three samples tested, only eight were found entirely safe. This will account for the terrible loss of human life from the almost universal use of kerosene oil. In the United States alone, last year, over 100 deaths per week were reported from accidents by kerosene.

A simple test is to place a tallow-candle in a saucer and apply a lighted match; if the oil ignited, it is unsafe, never use it. If it does not take fire it is not necessarily safe; because the temperature of the oil in the open air is not so great as that in a burning lamp. The only reliable test is one made by slowly heating some oil in which a thermometer is placed, constantly noting the number of degrees and applying a lighted match, not to the oil, but to the vapor, if any, just above the surface. If the oil flashes below 120° reject it.

This flashing point is the temperature at which the oil emits an inflammable vapor, and depends upon the quantity of naphtha or gasoline in the oil. This point should always be higher than the temperature that the oil ever reaches in a lamp, which is often 100° degrees.

Caution. 1. Keep the metallic parts of the lamp clean and the air passages open. 2. After a lamp has been burning three or more hours at one time, never relight again till filled. 3. In extinguishing the light, turn the wick down quite low and allow a few seconds to intervene before blowing out the flickering flame, or, better still, do not blow it out, but let it "flicker" out.

The words and music of the "Marseillaise" have been attributed to a certain Ronzet de Lille. He is said to have been born in 1760, and to have been the son of a lawyer. In April, 1792, so runs the story, just after the French had declared war against the Austrians, De Lille happened to be in a garrison at Strasbourg. The mayor of the town invited him to dinner. The conversation chanced on military matters, and De Lille, who was known to have a taste for music and poetry was asked to compose something suitable for the political occasion. De Lille, excited by the dinner and complimented by the demand, took his fiddle, as soon as he reached his quarters, and produced what Ulbach calls "the eternal poem of the great age of the Revolution." It was originally known as the "Hymne des Marseillais." Like Korner's word song, or like Jonah's song it grew up, as we see, in a single night. Not to sing it was a disgrace; to be ignorant of it was almost a crime.

"Pray, madame," said a young romantic looking gentleman, addressing the daughter of a bookseller, whom her father had deputed to stop at the shop just where he went next door (an amiable creature—about the age of sweet sixteen), "may I ask if you have 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" "No, sir," she sweetly but simply replied, letting her finely lashed eyelids fall—"No, sir; but father says he'll settle this house on me; that though; don't rent for more than four hundred a year!" The young book buyer had fixed to die a laird, as Sam Slick says.

Madame X, who other day instructed her maid to put a few handfuls of salt in her bath. "These baths, Madame," said the servant, "will do you much good. It will be like sea-bathing." "Not exactly, though." "Oh! the sea is a little more salt, to be sure, but then it has so much codfish in it."

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

Krupp, in a pacific mood, is willing to let by guns be by guns.

